

# The Kingis Complaynt

With hauie hart on Quadoun hill,  
The young king I hard schoutand schill  
With reuthfull rait he did record:  
Prayand as I haif wroght this bili  
Judge and Revenge my cause O Lord.

He sayis this causles I not crass,  
For he is now gone to his graff  
My commoun weill that maist decorde,  
Ha merweill albeit my hart claff  
For sorow of his death O Lord.

Hard is my chance all tyme and hours  
And harder to my Gouvernouris,  
The hardest (bot wo am I forde)  
To him hes felt of deith the schouris,  
And only for thy cause O Lord.

When I was not zit ame zeit auld,  
Bothwell that bludy Bouchout bauld,  
My father cruelly deuorde,  
He him betrayit and his blude sauld,  
Judge and Revenge my cause O Lord.

Than father slaine, Mother was schet  
My Gudschrif flemet Incontinent,  
My self to poploun it was schorde,  
Me to betray was summis Intent  
Judge and Revenge my cause O Lord.

Than by thow rafte to reule my King,  
In to my tender zeitris zing,  
My faithfull freind that maid him forde,  
James Regent my Uncle ding,  
Judge and Revenge my cause O Lord.

He mad my Buckler and my besid,  
He was my Targe, my heit and scheld,  
My falt maist hic for to record:  
He fuitit euer mair the feild,  
Judge and Revenge his cause O Lord.

For me he left Lyn, freind and wyle,  
For me he sufferit daylie lyfe,  
For me he was haill Indeuorde,  
For me now he hes lost his lyfe,  
Judge and Revenge his cause O Lord.

For me that Nobill of Renoun,  
With ane Tyke Tratour Hammiltoun,  
Was schot, and thow the body forde,  
For the mantening of my Crowne  
Judge and Revenge his cause O Lord.

Beloure thow peirst him, gaif ye peace,  
Tratoure to him that gaif the grace,  
Behind his bak thy Gunne him gyde:  
Quhorne thow nor name of thyne ~~at~~ face,  
Judge and Revenge his cause O Lord.

Lord sen my gratioun gyde is gone,  
And I am left as wryd alone,  
This thing maist eirniste ~~I~~ Imporde:  
That Instantly thow fuit by one  
For to Revenge his cause O Lord.

Sen for my salut he is flane,  
Lord for thy grace gane agane,  
That deith my lyfe necht forde,  
Quhill that faleis treasonabill trane  
Be with my hand Revengd O Lord.

Scotland thy Trewis trew,  
That first Idolatrie overthrew  
He was, and Christis crew with record,  
Thow him in my Meaine grace ay grew,  
Judge and Revenge his cause O Lord.

Abrahams faith ay seit profest,  
He Davidis mercy manifest  
With Salomonis wit he was decorde,  
Hamponis strench to him access  
Judge and Revenge his cause O Lord.

Theif and Rener he did dant,  
Justice and vertuous he did plant,  
Quhair that was mys he gart remorde,  
My faithfull seruand and my Sanc,  
Judge and Revenge his cause O Lord.

As his Renoun is all overblawin,  
And now his deith plainly bethawin,  
Ha fall all blithnes be abynde  
Quhill his Revenge be alaw buawin,  
Thow thy help and support O Lord.

All ze my trew Robilitie,  
That fauourit him, and seruit me,  
Lat not his buillfull deith beforde,  
Bot it Revenge maist cruelis  
For it is the will of the Lord.

And quha his deith doig fair regard,  
And it to punies will not spred  
I woun to the in quhorne he forde,  
Thay fall not my aertich jewaud  
For to Revenge his cause O Lord.

How fall apperit in work and nature,  
Quha is the trew man, quha is the treurer  
Quha fittis the feild, quha fittis not forde,  
The trew liege be the Ruchture  
In this cause salbe kend O Lord.

And think that thay that did this deid,  
With lyke effect dois feit my heid,  
For to be beatin doone and smorde  
All faithfull hartis quyte thair meid,  
And thow Revenge my cause O Lord.

For surely thair will end Intent,  
That leidis of me the Gouvernouris,  
Be fraudfull factouris, I stand forde,  
To ald me forfault in Parlement,  
Gif thow withistude thame not O Lord.

My Coronacoun thy deny,  
And dois maist lytefully besy  
All chame that faithfully record,  
Me to my Crowne and Reigne  
Thy mychtie hand requiefe chame Lord.

Lord now him of me haif cure,  
And in quhairs bandis I think me late,  
Thy puissant power I Imporde,  
That he with me lang dayis Indure  
For to menengy his cause O Lord.

With this the Babe he giffis ane rait,  
Quhill maid my hart to lich in fai,  
That furthe I could not record,  
Bot with him iall cry euer mair,  
Judge and Revenge his cause O Lord.

C. J. S. 10.